

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOL. XX. No. 33

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MAY 18, 1930

## Chapter 4

It was the Keating's powder which had so upset Maria's temper. Adam explained at once. He was really quite hurt to find Maria angry in return for their kindness.

"You bet all the earwigs are dead," he declared stoutly. "And we spent more than a dollar on killing them, besides giving up all our afternoon. Then you want to scratch. Some gratitude!"

Maria muttered. She was still angry at she knew enough of her little charges to see now that they had really been trying to do her a kindness in wishing her to like this English home.

But Maria was not always quite fair and her tongue was sharp though her heart was kind.

"I'll be real glad when there are only the two of you to manage," she rumbled, "and when the tutor comes, after the holidays. The sooner Maimie picks up and is off the better."

Maria said that to Adam, because she knew he would answer hotly, but she did not know Maimie herself was standing half-hidden by the curtain.

As soon as she heard her name Maimie came out from hiding, her cheeks flushed and her lips quivering.

"You're a horrid old woman," was all she could say, and ran out of the room.

Maria was really sorry. She knew what a very lonely little girl Maimie was and she saw she had hurt her, but she only sniffed.

"That's not nice, Maria," said poor Adam indignantly. "I wish I'd left all the earwigs in your room; it's some mean to hurt a kid-girl like that." And away he went in search of Maimie, leaving Maria to plan some small treat to "make up" for her sharp speech.

It took Adam quite a long time to find Maimie for she had gone up to an empty room at the top of the castle. It was called the turret room

## Comrades All

By May Wynne

In Six Chapters

though there was not actually a tower, and there were six windows to it. Maimie was in there crying, not so much over Maria's words but because it had brought back to her the sad fact that in a very few weeks' time she would be saying goodbye forever to this dear old home. She had been so happy since Adam and Ann came, that she had almost forgotten she was actually only a visitor here. The other children had made her so one of themselves, such a comrade. And she loved them, as well as the motherly-mother who kissed her with such big, nice kisses.

"Say, Maimie," coaxed Adam, "you mustn't cry. It's . . . it's not brave. Maria was sour, that was the Keating's. When she's cool she'll be that sorry she'll want to eat us. It's always the same. She's just ashamed now."

"It isn't that," gulped Maimie, "it's

because it . . . it's true. I am going away . . . and not coming back."

Adam had no cure for that—or only one. Adam's cure in difficulties was to fetch mother. Off he ran now, and before Maimie's tears had ceased, she found herself gathered in those kind mother arms.

"Poor lambikin," said Adam's mother. "Say, Maimie, there was once a man who had a road to walk, and after he got started he got real scared, there was such a big black creature on the path. The man began to cry with fright, he was scared so stiff he had to go home and he dared not go that day, or the next. He was afraid of the black enemy on the path. At last he got real desperate, so taking his stick he marched up to the black creature, and all he found was the shadow of a tree across the road, no trouble or enemy at all. So now, I guess, wee Maimie's going to try that last way, and march along her bit of life-road bravely and when she reaches the troubles she's been thinking of, why! it's likely they'll only be shadows and not troubles at all. So run away and play, girlie, and leave God's tomorrow alone for Him to fix."

How Maimie hugged the kind friend who really seemed to mind about her being happy. Adam came for a hug, too, and then he and Maimie ran off to the wood. Here they found Ann had picked a whole basket full of wild strawberries.

"Guess we ought to fix the tent this morning," said Ann, "and this afternoon we'll dig a Dutch oven and make strawberry jam."

Ann was fond of "messing" games. Do you know anyone like Ann? I do!

Adam was brim full of energy. Robert, the gardener, had given him odd lengths of cord and real pegs and wooden hammer, so the job was not too difficult. The worst of the business was fixing the tent pole which would keep falling on their heads.



"In his haste to taste the jam . . . oh, how he had burned his tongue."



At last Ann found a hole all ready made and down went the pole, fine!

Many hands are said to make light work, but even six hands found Ann's "curtain" very heavy. It took lots of hard work to lift it square over the tent pole and spread it out. But we always like a thing better when we've worked hard for it, and the three tent-makers were as proud as could be when they crawled into their new house. Adam had had a good idea about the entrance. He had fixed the two smaller poles with one across so that the curtain was raised and they could get into the tent-house without crawling, if they chose. Dad's skin rug was to hang over the door, and now came the real fun of furnishing.

Ann was set on having a kitchen, but as a kitchen is no use without a fire and as the children were only allowed to light a fire in a Dutch oven, the kitchen had to be planned outside the dwelling.

In spite of the heat, many journeys were made to the house, and Maimie's magic attic had to be ransacked for the queerest old furniture. Three stools, a very wobbly table, two pictures, a bit of carpet, and a fire-screen with wool work made quite a nice lot of furniture.

"We can add to it," said Adam, "a house isn't furnished right in a day. And what we most want is a cupboard to keep things in."

"My jam for one," said Ann, who was squatting near the brook washing six jelly pots ready for the afternoon. That brook *was* useful, there were so many things needed washing, though I am afraid the builders often forgot their hands.

Maimie sometimes looked at her grubby fingers and wondered if they could belong to the dull little girl who had never played games.

The Dutch oven took quite a bit of digging, and while Adam did the job the little girls coaxed Phoebe for sugar and a pan.

Ann thought a frying pan would be right, but Phoebe only laughed and gave her an old big saucepan and wooden spoon.

Maimie thought she had never heard of anything so delightful as making jam, and Dutch ovens were far nicer than ordinary ovens, for they did not make your face hot.

Each took a turn in stirring, and the smell of that jam was so good that dozens and dozens of wasps came to have a smell, too.

"We'd better get some big rhubarb leaves," said Adam, "to drive them away. One shall be a wasp guard while the other stirs, and the third can do odd jobs."

They stood the pan on a brick while they went for leaves, and as they came back, they heard *such* a howl and saw Joe, the garden boy, hurrying down the path holding his hand over his mouth.

He had been just as curious as the wasps, but in his haste to taste the jam he had forgotten it was likely to be hot, and oh! how he had burned his tongue!

The children could not help laughing, for it *did* serve Master Greedy right, but they cheered Joe up by telling him he should come to the tent one day for tea and have *cold* jam and some of Ann's best-baked gingerbread.

The jam was quite a success. The only trouble being that in their haste they had forgotten to take off the hulls of the strawberries; but, as Ann said, it would be no trouble for anyone to spit them out same as cherry stones.

"I was thinking," said Maimie, "if you don't think it is too far off we might use the cave for a larder."

How Adam pricked up his ears. Maimie had once mentioned the cave but they had forgotten it. Now of course not a moment must be lost in looking for it. Maimie was half sorry she had spoken, for the cave was right away in the very prickliest part of the wood, and its entrance quite choked with brambles.

"We shall have to see to this," said Adam, with his most business-like air; "it will be fine for lots of things. We can have proper robber games if we have a cave."

"We couldn't get in and out of it very quick with all these brambles," said Ann, "and it would take ages to clear them. I like the tent best, and I reckon it's not half finished yet."

Maimie gave a jump back to the path. "Anyway, there's the tea bell," she cried,—and I guess she was glad!

(To be continued)

## The Chewink's Brood

By Margaret S. Bridge

**B**ALDY and the Bird Lady were sitting on the porch of the recreation hall of the camp, watching a black-and-white warbler in his search for insects and grubs among the blossoms and boughs of the fragrant linden tree, when a clear bird-note from the bushes in front turned their attention toward a new subject.

"Never heard that song before," said the boy with tone of joyous discovery. "Sounds as if he said, 'See tow-hee!'"

"That's exactly what he is singing," said the Bird Lady as the vivacious creature repeated the notes from his swaying perch about six feet from the ground. That song gives him the name, towhee, but he has another that is quite as common, chewink. That name comes from his clear, sharp call. You'll hear it and recognize it, I am sure."

They were near enough to clearly see the bird's black head and back, his white breast and chestnut sides.

"Don't you think there is something quite distinguished-looking about him,

Baldy? He has so much *style*, too. One never forgets his striking appearance nor his song, even though the chewink isn't considered much of a singer in comparison with his cousins, the song-sparrow and the wood-thrush."

"What does his mate look like?"

"Not as gay as he. She shows brown where he is marked black. Keep your eyes open and you may see her, or even discover a nest."

"There's the chewink again and in the same place," Baldy announced, early that same evening. The next morning he reported that he had seen Mr. Chewink energetically scratching with his feet among the leaves in a brush heap. "I watched him for a long time," he said, "and finally I saw him carry a long earth-worm to a spot on the ground near where he was singing last night. And guess what?" he added, looking eagerly into the Bird Lady's eyes for his answer.

"I'll have to think," she said, putting her hand to her forehead to strengthen the impression of one deep in thought. Then slowly a smile crept from the up-turned corners of her lips to her eyes as she drawled out, "One guess. A certain young man named Baldy found the nest."

The boy beamed with satisfaction. "That's right, a nest with four babies in it. Funniest things you ever saw, hardly any feathers," he chuckled.

"Just watch them for a few days and you'll see them change to worthy children of such a handsome father and mother. Only don't go to the nest very often or you'll trample the grass into a path that some bird enemy may follow."

Three days later these two bird lovers went together to peek at the chewink's brood. "Oh," cried Baldy in pain and disappointment, "the nest is empty."

The Bird Lady looked down upon the nest of dead leaves and twigs, almost hidden among the dead leaves and grass. On the lining of plant fibres and grass were fragments of dirty-white, speckled egg shells.

"Do you think they've learned to fly already?"

"I wish I could, but I am afraid they have gone the way of many other ground birds, discovered by a weasel or some other animal in search of a meal."

## Home

By GEORGE PELLIS

To me a home is not a mansion-house  
Adorned with treasures that a king  
might crave,

Yet lacking love. No place is ever home  
Where love is not the master and the  
slave.

Home may be any cabin where content,  
Good-will and joy are dwelling, and  
the least

Of those who live within it turn away  
From all the world to share love's  
greater feast.



**K**ATHERINE and Kenneth, the twins, were very blue. It was a beautiful morning in May, and the sun shone brightly in at the windows. A little bird on the branch of the big elm tree sang happily.

Everything was bright out of doors, but in the cozy living room it looked more like April than May, for two big tears were running down Katherine's cheeks, and Kenneth had a big puekery frown on his forehead, like a thunder cloud.

"What is the matter?" asked Mother Sterling as she came into the room to find the twins huddled up on the big couch in the corner. "What are you doing in the house this beautiful May morning? Come here to the window as quick as you can and see the pretty little bird. He is trying to pick up those tiny pieces of thread from the rosebush under the window. Let's watch him a few minutes and see what he does."

But Katherine and Kenneth were not interested in birds this morning, so they sat right still on the couch.

"We are not interested in birds," said Kenneth. "We want a club."

"A what?" asked mother.

"A club," chimed in Katherine firmly, rubbing the tears away.

"Why—what?" asked mother, not at all understanding why the twins should want a club. "I don't know what you mean."

"Didn't you ever belong to a club, mother?" asked Katherine; "a club that meets every week, and you have ice cream, candy and lots of good things to eat?"

"And go on straw rides," added Kenneth.

"Oh, now I see!" exclaimed mother, as she began to understand what the twins were talking about. "It's that kind of a club is it? But you are pretty small to belong to a club, I don't think that such little folks as—"

"But they do, mother," said Kenneth, interrupting her. "They do. Elmer Jones has a club and they meet every week and elect officers. They have twenty cents in the treasury and they are going on a straw ride."

"And Margery Lewis belongs to one and she is only two years older than I am," said Katherine. "They meet every single Wednesday afternoon to sew and last week they had ice cream."

"I see" said mother. "Well, you and I will have a club all by ourselves, and we will call it—let me see—we will call it the Change About Club."

Katherine and Kenneth puckered up their faces as they tried to think what kind of a club it could be.

"Can we have pins?" asked Kenneth.

"And ice cream?" added Katherine.

## The Change About Club

By Emma Florence Bush

"Perhaps, sometimes," said mother. "But let me tell you what I mean. We will call it the Change About Club, and then we can change the name of it every month. This month we can call it the May Basket Club."

"Oh, goody!" cried Katherine, and "That's fine," added Kenneth.

So that was how the club came to be organized. Mother was elected president, Katherine, secretary, and Kenneth, treasurer, for they decided they would all earn a little money for the Club and two happy little children ran away to plan as mother suggested.

The very next day the club began its work. It was Aunt Nellie's birthday so they made her a beautiful May basket, and after dark they went to hang it on her door. Father went too, for he had heard about the club, and he said he would belong if they would make him a committee, that every club had committees to help do things. So they voted

him a member and took him along. In the basket were two big oranges from Katherine and Kenneth, some frosted cup-cakes from mother, and a box of chocolate creams from father, and a big bunch of Mayflowers that the twins had picked.

Aunt Nellie and Uncle Joe came out and chased them, and caught them all. Then Aunt Nellie treated them to birthday cake and ginger ale.

This was the beginning but not the end of the doings of the May Basket Club. All through the month Katherine and Kenneth, with mother's help, made pretty little May baskets for people who were old or sick or poor, and Father helped fill them and hung them on the doors while they hid safely away.

Little Helen Albee, who was getting over a broken leg, and who loved pets and hadn't any, found a big basket beside her bed one morning, and in it was a little gray kitten with a blue ribbon around his neck. Her mother heard the bell ring very early in the morning and when she went to the door there was a basket, with a tiny white card fastened to it, saying,

"My name is Fluff, and I've come to stay with you always."

So, many people found pretty baskets and didn't know who sent them, for the club kept its secrets well. All there was to show who they came from was a pretty card with "M. B. C." printed on it.

"It is the nicest club I ever heard of," said Katherine on the last day of May.

"And best of all," said Kenneth, "is that nobody knows who we are or about us. And just think, tomorrow is a new month and tonight we are to plan what we are to do all the time we are the June Roses Club."

## In the Wood

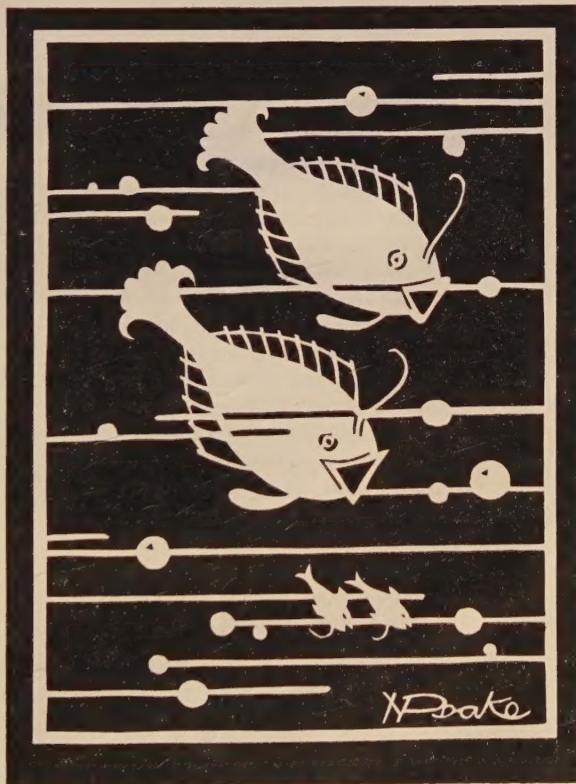
By RAELENE NEWELL WHITE

I took my brother to the Wood  
And sat beneath a tree.  
We did not move, we wondered if  
One fairy we might see.

A butterfly danced in the air,  
A chipmunk peeped at us,  
And from a low branch of the beech  
The bluejay made a fuss.

We saw a gray squirrel on a rock,  
Black beetles in the grass,  
And up the path on playful feet  
We saw three rabbits pass.

Now hold your breath and shut your eyes,  
And lean close so you'll hear,  
We did not see a fairy but  
We saw a woodland deer!



## The Twins

By HARVEY PEAKE

Said Mamma fish to Papa fish,  
"What shall we name the twins?"  
Said Papa fish to Mamma fish,  
"Ask them, their preference wins."

And so they asked the little chaps  
What names they would prefer,  
And both declared, "We do not know,  
Just call us him and her."



# THE BEACON CLUB

## The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

111 DRAPER ST.,  
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Editor: I would very much like to join the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I go to the First Parish Unitarian Church of Dorchester. I receive *The Beacon* every Sunday and I enjoy the stories and poems very much. I am eleven years old and in the sixth grade. I collect stamps and I would like to correspond with another boy who collects stamps and who is not in New England.

Yours sincerely,  
ARTHUR TURNER.

164 NEWBURY ST.,  
BROCKTON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I go to Unity Church in Brockton. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Lord. I am eleven years old. I always try to do the puzzles and am sending in one which I hope you will publish. I would like to have some girl of my age write to me. I own a dog and a goldfish. My dog is a Cocker Spaniel and is all black; his name is "Blackie." I call my goldfish "Gold-queen," because she is all gold.

Yours truly,  
HENRIETTA H. CARY.

LOWELL RD.,  
CHELMSFORD, MASS.

Dear Editor: I should like to belong to the Beacon Club and wear its pin. I belong to the Unitarian Sunday School of Chelmsford. Our minister is Rev. L. L. Greenman. My teacher's name is Mrs. Woodward.

I read the letters in the Club Corner every Sunday and make out the puzzles. I would like some girl of my age to correspond with. I am in the sixth grade in school.

Sincerely yours,  
HARRIET EDITH STURTEVANT.

14 LOWELL ST.,  
WOBURN, MASS.

Dear Editor: I belong to the Beacon Club but I have lost my pin. May I have another? I enjoy *The Beacon*, especially the puzzles. I am twelve years old and am in the seventh grade. I have six correspondents. Will some girl near my age correspond with me?

Sincerely yours,  
BARBARA BROWN.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

## The Sandpile

By ELIZABETH MUENSCHER (Age 9)

It's been so many things,  
I cannot count them all.  
We use it all the time,  
In summer, spring and fall.  
To begin with, 'twas a pile of sand  
That we happened to have at hand.  
It was a schoolhouse once, I know.  
And once a mountain peaked with snow.  
We made it into parks the most,  
But of these we never did boast.  
It was fun to play in the sand,  
And we thought it extremely grand.  
But it's more fun to be a poet.  
That is one thing, and I know it.

## Book Notes

By ELSIE LUSTIG

BARBARA WINTHROP ABROAD, by Helen Katherine Broughall (Page) is a good story for older girls. It continues the adventures of Barbara Winthrop whom you may have read about in earlier volumes. In this book, Barbara, her mother, and her best friend, Peggy, decide to go to Europe for about a year. Those of you who have traveled abroad, and those of you who have not, will be interested in the differences between French and American customs, especially in traveling. Barbara and Peggy had quite a time with *passe-ports*, and learning the ways of the French restaurant cars which are so different from ours here. After a few days they found a charming apartment in Paris, and thought they could settle into a quiet, but interesting routine. But from almost the first moment of their arrival, things began to happen; mysterious things which took a lot of puzzling over before they could be solved. The girls did a lot of traveling, going to England and Italy, and they found themselves unexpectedly enrolled in a French school. Here they discovered customs were decidedly different from those in America. But after the first period of loneliness they enjoyed themselves thoroughly. You will laugh over their mistakes and amusing experiences. This book is worth reading.

BARBARA WINTHROP ABROAD, by Helen Katherine Broughall. L. C. Page Co., Boston. \$2.00.

## Puzzlers

### Acrostic

All the words are of five letters. The centrals, read downward, spell the name of a special day in spring.

1. A long-handled spoon.
2. Imagine.
3. Often on the breakfast table.
4. A large quadruped.
5. A famous city.
6. Intended.
7. Subsequent.
8. To reduce to powder.
9. An outer garment.
10. Amusing.
11. A pupil in a military school.
12. To urgently long for.
13. Shyly.

E. F. B.

### Twisted Names of South American Countries

- |              |             |
|--------------|-------------|
| 1. Raizlb    | 7. Doruaec  |
| 2. Lazevenue | 8. Bcolomai |
| 3. Vaiboli   | 9. Aryguapa |
| 4. Rupe      | 10. Yaugrur |
| 5. Genarnati | 11. Hecli   |
| 6. Anauig    |             |

EUGENE HULTMAN (Age 10),  
Quincy, Mass.

### Answers to Puzzles in No. 31

Cross-Word Enigma.—May Flowers.

Twisted Names of Pies.—1. Apple. 2. Pumpkin. 3. Butter Scotch. 4. Cherry. 5. Raisin. 6. Lemon. 7. Peach. 8. Chocolate. 9. Mince. 10. Rhubarb.

Word Diamond.—

Z  
MEW  
MABEL  
ZEBEDEE  
WEDGE  
LEE  
E

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